The Engliſh LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

Friday the 17th of January, 1698.

HEy day! What's the matter with you Gentlemen? You ſeem to ſurvey me with as ruful a Countenance, as a Conſcience-prickt *Uſurer*, on his Death-bed, does the imagin'd Ghoſts of twenty Families he has Ruin'd by his Kindneſs. But believe me Sirs, tho' I made a *Peregrination* out of the World, above (let me ſee, for I wou'd not be caught in a Lie) I ſay above Nineteen Hundred and One Year ago, yet I never was *Dead* all the while; but only, took a long Journey through *Eliſium*, to ſee if I cou'd find any Honeſter People there, than I left dwelling (to uſe my own Country-man *Homer*'s expreſſion) *upon the all Nouriſhing Earth*. And, to tell you the truth, I lik'd my Converſation well enough, but lately meeting with a **Packet-monger**, that, upon ſome extraordinary buſineſs or other, made a Deſcent into the *Kingdom of Darkneſs*, who gave me ſuch a ſtrange Account, of ſo many wonderful **Occurrences**, that paſs'd in the *Northern* parts of the World, which ſo tickled my Fancy, and renew'd my old itch of Rambling, that I was as uneaſy as an *Old Politician Defeated*, or a *Young Poet Damn'd the Firſt Day*, till I had procured Paſſes of ſafe Conduct from his *Subterranean Highneſs*, to re-viſit the *Regions of Light*. Nor, is it an Accident one jot more Prodigious for an Honeſt Merry Fellow in *Greece*, to dive into the Secret Parts of old Mother *Tellus*, and Two Thouſand Years after, Riſe up in the *degree* 52 *North Latitude*, than for a certain *Queen* of your own, to Drop into the Intrails of the Earth at *Chairing-Croſs*, and Aſcend at *Queenhith*.

The firſt Place ordain'd for me to make my Perſonal Appearance in this Renowned Kingdom, was on top of *High-gate-Hill*: It was in the midſt of the Summer Solſtice, when Dame Nature had Adorn'd her ſelf in her richeſt Apparrel, and her gayeſt Looks, to welcom my Arrival into theſe *Septentrionial Regions*. The upper part of my Body, which the Learned call the *Brain-Caſe*, but the Vulgar, more properly, the *Head*, no ſooner peep'd thro' the divided Earth; but I ſtar'd about as wildly as a *Cat* ſhak'd out of a Bag in the midſt of *Salisbury Plain*. After a little ſtruggling and heaving, I made a ſhift to fix the Supporters of the *Microcoſm* upon *Terra firma*. The vaſt Pile of Buildings that immediatly preſented it ſelf to my *Optick Organs*, I mean my Sight, for I had not yet loſt the *Jargon* of my Native Language, I readily concluded to be the Metropolis of *Albion*: I Congratulated the favour my happy Stars had conferr'd, and without asking Queſtions of any Living Creature, ſteer'd my Courſe directly for *London*.

Nothing in the World cou'd have more delighted me, than the Survey of that Noble *City*: The Magnificence of the Building, the Breadth and Beauty of the Streets, the Rattling of the Coaches, the Number of the Inhabitants, the Neatneſs of their Habit, the Comlineſs of their Perſons, eſpecially thoſe of the moſt *Engaging* Sex ſo Tranſported me, that I verily believ'd nothing upon Earth cou'd afford a more delightful Contemplation. I rub'd up my old Memory, nor cou'd I find in all the *Memoirs* of *Antiquity* any thing comparable to ſo raviſhing a Proſpect. Bleſs me, thought I, this is the Year of the *Platonical* Revolution, or the Counterpart of the Primitive *Golden Age*, of which our Forefathers have told us ſo many fine Stories. But I had not ſtay'd long in this Place before I found my miſtake, and how uncertain an Argument it is to draw *Concluſions* from *Appearances*. For I had no ſooner Buſtled through the Crowd, and reach'd the *Exchange*; but the Humming and Buzzing of an infinite Number of *Peripateticks*, or Walking Traders, vulgarly call'd *Merchants*, made me believe I was got into the midſt of an *Hive of Bees*, or rather a *Neſt of Hornets*; when turning my Head about, I beheld a Grave Old Gentleman, with a plain, ſhort Collar, or Neckcloath, a broad-brim'd black Beaver, a dark colour'd Camblet Coat, and a ſmall *Bamboo* Cane in his Hand, leaning againſt a Poſt, Coughing and Spitting as if he intended to diſcover the Secrets of his Heart to all Beholders. I Sympathetically lamented the Condition of the *Poor Gentleman*; and tho' I am a natural Enemy to the *Vices* and *Vanities* of Mankind, yet I can as heartily commiſerate the *Bodily* Infirmities of Humane Nature as any Man alive: And, withal, recollecting ſome Obſervations I had formerly pick'd out of the Works of old *Galen*, and the little-underſtood *Aphoriſms* of my Maſter *Hippocrates*, took the honeſt Confidence to accoſt him with this Salutation: *Father, Cheer up, I confeſs I am a Stranger to you, but if you'll follow my Counſel, I have good hopes to acquaint you with a* Specific *that ſhall deliver you from the preſent Violence of your Malady; and Infallibly prevent the Return of any ſuch Fits for the future.* The *Old Gentleman*, who it ſeems had been long afflicted with this *Splenetick* Indiſpoſition, ſeem'd as glad to hear

of a Remedy, as an Old Stale *Maid*, of a Young Wealthy *Husband*; and immediatly taking me by the Hand, said, *Friend, if you'll walk over with me to* Jonathan's, *and make good your Promise, I'll be as Bountiful to you, as ever I was to any Man that did me a kindness.*

As soon as we entred the house, he led me into a Corner, on the *Antartick* side of the Room, very generously calling for a dish of *Chocolat* for me, and a cup of plain *Tea* for himself. *Now Sir*, says he, *I am to thank you for your proffer'd Civility: But, withall, must inform you, that I stood in no more need of any Physical Assistance than your Self. For you must Know, that this pretended* Ptysick *of mine, stands me in great use upon many Occasions: Did you not*, continued the old Don, *observe a Couple of Scurvy, thin Jaw'd Fellows by me, One with an Old Rusty Perriwig, and the other with his own Hair and a leathern Apron?* When I had signifi'd to him that I took notice of 'em, *Those Rogues*, said he, *are two Trades-men that I deal with out of meer Charity: I'll warrant you they have taken of me within this Twelve-month, at least a Hundred Pounds a peice, for Botching cast Doublets, and Repairing old Shoes, and yet had the Impudence to come to my House and demand five Groats, when I was not in a Humour to part with my Money. Now ten to one but these* Cannibals *had assaulted me again upon open* Change, *if I had not Seasonably made use of that Fit to Sham 'em, which had been an intollerable affront to a Man of my Character and Reputation. Besides, the Boldest Rascall of 'em All, that I owe Mony to, will as soon approach a Lion before he has eat his Breakfast, as offer to make the least mention of a* Debt *when he sees me in such a* Posture. When I heard him run on at this rate, Surely thought I, I am now to do Pennance for all my sins; and Condemn'd to be Baited to Death by a *Fiend* in Masquerade: When presently in comes a pert, bold-fac'd Boy and whisper'd the old Duke in the Ear, who hastily rising up, cry'd, *Sir, I must beg your Pardon, my* Lord—— *has just now sent to speak with me: Pray let me see you sometimes when you come this way.* Sir your Servant. I was very glad to see the Terrours of my Apprehensions so soon vansh'd: And taking a turn or two, as the manner is, about the Room, at last I sat down again by a grave Well-favour'd Gentleman, who very Courteously ask'd me how long I had been acquainted with the Person, I had just parted from: Truly Sir, I reply'd, I am not Acquainted with him at all; I never saw him before, nor can I possibly understand what to make of him. *And if ever you do*, said he, *you will know more than* Cornelus Agrippa *and all his* Imps *durst ever pretend to. He is the Quintescence of Hippocrisy a Monstrous Composition of the four Elements, beaten up to a Consistence, with the Spirit of Vanity, Falshood, and Impiety. If you have Faith enough to credit one Word he says, you may turn* Solistetdian, *and believe the Moon is made of* Green Cheese. This is a Monstrous Character indeed, quoth I: But, pray Sir, what is his Name, that I may caution my Friends to avoid him? *His Name Sir!* he reply'd, *Why, he has as many as his Master, whom some call* Satan, *others* Belzeebub, Old Nick, Old Gentleman, &c. *So some call This the* Diabolick, *some the* Demoniack, *others the* Devil's Broker, *But his Servants say* he is the Devil himself. Then looking on his Watch, *My Affairs*, saies he, *call for me, Sir your Servant.*

Being somewhat alarm'd with the Novelty of this Adventure, and stimulated with my natural Curiosity, I resolv'd to proceed a little farther; and examine what kind of Entertainment the more Bookish sort of Citizens were Diverted with in Reading the Printed News, and accordingly took the Papers up, and began to peruse them: But at first dash found my self Ingaged in the Hurry of a Battle, up to the Ears in Blood and Wounds; nothing but Skirmishing, Sieging, Attacking, Counterscarps Storm'd, Half-Moons Taken, Ravellings Possest, and Ten Thousand Men Kill'd in the twinkling of an Eye, with as little difficulty, as an Army of those little buzzing Animals, that infest the Shambles in a hot Summers Day, are destroy'd with a *Butchers Fly-Flap*. Besides, I found the Misteries of State Reveal'd, the Cabinets of Princes Unlock'd, the *Arcana* and Interest of Government so Critically Dissected, that every blundering Fellow, that has skill enough to Spell plain English, might Commence, *Extempore*, a more Orthodox Polititian than *Richlieu* or *Mazarin*. Bless me, quoth I, these are fine Fellows; and cost what it will, I resolv'd to be acquainted with 'em: And immediatly took up my Gloves and went in Quest of the *Intelligencers*: One I found, in close Cabal, near St. *Dunstan's* Church, consulting with a *French-man* about the best method of Writing *True English*. Another was got with his Author half a Sleep in a Chimney-Corner, Drinking *Broom-Ale* to purify their Intellectuals. I quickly had enough of these; and coming back, Inquir'd for the Third, but found he had left the whole Management of his Business to a Couple of indifferent honest Fellows, a *Scotch* Linguist and a Fat *English* Poet, while he himself was retired to give the *Carnal Man* a Breathing in the Gardens of *Venus*. Well, thought I, that Government must needs be happy that is assisted with a *Triumvirate* of such Serviceable Implements. Of what use can such Pamphlets ever be, besides the filling Peoples Heads with Whimsies and Notions, to the utter ruin of their *Privat* Affairs, and no small inconveniency to the *Publick*?

This was my first days Adventure, which being very odd and Surprizing, encouraged me to be more exact in my after Observations, which I shall Weekly communicate to your perusal, in a Method, as Inoffensive and Diverting as I made use of in the Days of Yore, for the Entertainment of my old Friends the *Athenians*, and the rest of my *Inquisitive* Countrymen. For a Tast of which, be pleas'd to accept the ensuing Relation.

Rosemary-Lane, Dec. 27. A Couple of Drunken Fellows, Living at *Stepney*, having been late at this end of the Town, and taken a large Cup of the Creature, went into a *Coffee-House* in order to Settle their Disjoynted Understandings, with the Vertues of a famous *Turkish* Berry dissolv'd in hot Water, and happen'd to pitch upon an Old *News-Paper*, wherein was an Account, of the Bloody Doings at the taking of *Nemure*, which wrought so powerfully on their Fancy, That going home in the Night, they conceited they saw in the Fields, things Terrible and Prodigious, *viz.* Brakes and Bushes muster'd up in Battalia, and discharging at each other with most astonishing Fury; they had Thorns for Weapons, and Glow-Worms for Fire-locks, with the humming of Beetles and the bellowing of Calves, which, with the help of a Clownish fear, and the strength of imagination, made a very dreadful noise and apperance. Old *Ovid*, I remember tells us a great many handsome lyes of men that were Metamorphiz'd into trees and bushes, by the power of *Jupiter*, *Juno*, and others of the great ones; but that *Bacchus* should have the power to turn those Shrubs and Trees back into men again, looks like one Gods thwarting another, which I am not apt to believe. However they were of that opinion, and for very fear discharg'd their stomachs at the wrong end, and setting up a run in more senses than one, so that they had most certainly been scared out of their Wits, if they had had any to lose.

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